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"INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS. NEUTRAL IN NONE."

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M'KINLEY IS SHOT DOWN

Nation's Chief Executive the Victim of an Assassin at the Buffalo Fair.

Extends His Hand in Greeting to One of Great Throng and Receives Dangerous Wounds.

While Blood Stains His Clothing the Wounded Man Assures His Friends that He Is Not Fatally Hurt.

Would-Be Murderer Is Quickly Taken Into Custody to Escape Terrible Fury of the People.

Tragedy Recalls the Slaying of Lincoln and Garfield—Whole Nation Expresses Profound Sorrow.

In the presence of thousands of people President McKinley was shot down by an assassin a few minutes after 4 o'clock Friday afternoon in the Temple of Music at the Pan-American Exposition grounds. One bullet struck the breastbone, glanced aside into the flesh and was easily removed by surgeons. The other entered the abdomen, pierced the front and rear walls of the stomach and buried itself in some spot in the President's body not readily reached by the probes of the surgeon. This more serious wound was dressed and closed with several stitches and the physicians awaited results, declaring the President had a fair chance for recovery. The assassin

close behind him came the colored man who had just shaken hands with the President. While they struggled with him on the floor President McKinley took a step backward and was instantly clamped in the arms of Detective Gerry, another member of his bodyguard. The President did not fall, nor did he reel, although both bullets had struck him. Half turning his head to the officer, he asked:

"Am I shot?" Evidently he had been so stunned with surprise that he had not felt the impact of the bullets. While he was speaking the officer and Secretary Cortelyou had been leading him backward to a chair and had torn open his vest. Blood was on his shirt front and Detective Gerry, answering his question, said:

"I fear you are, Mr. President." Secretary Cortelyou sank on one knee beside the President's chair and gazed anxiously into his face.

"Do not be alarmed," said the President, "it is nothing."

His head sank forward into his hands a moment and then he raised it briskly, while the stream of crimson welled from the wound in his breast and spread in an ever-widening circle on his white shirt front.

"But you are wounded," exclaimed Mr. Cortelyou, "let me examine."

"No, no," insisted the President, "I am not badly injured, I assure you."

With a bullet in his breast and another through his stomach, he did not lose consciousness. He sat almost as stanch and straight in his chair as though his assailant's shots had missed and he seemed the calmest and least perturbed of the immense gathering.

President Milburn and Secretary Cortelyou were almost frantic with alarm, but the wounded man continued to assure them that his injuries were trifling.

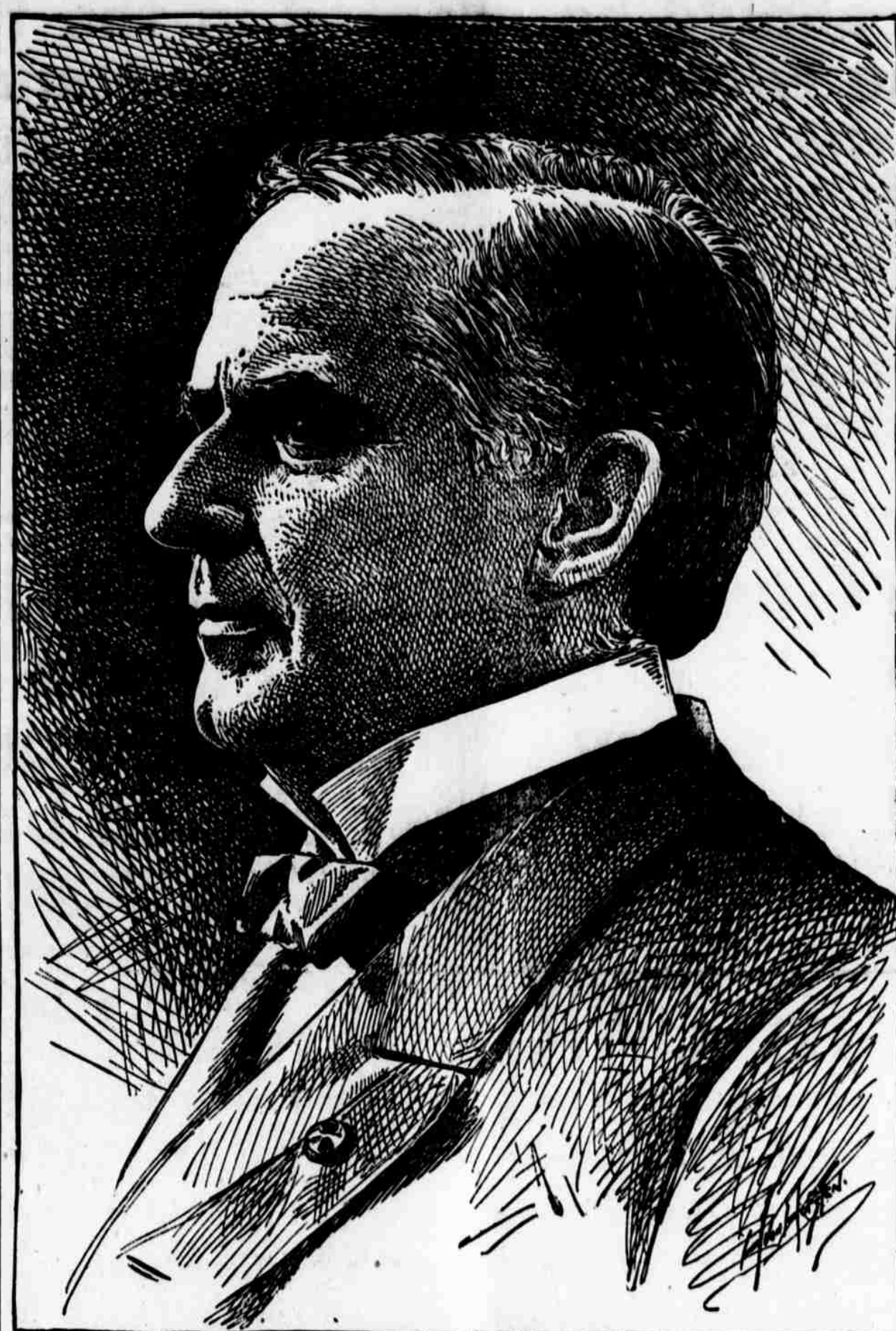
This dramatic scene upon the little platform was enacted in the midst of a terrible tumult, which continued uninterruptedly for many minutes.

When the secret service men and the colored man first threw themselves upon Czoigoss, the assailant of the President, and pinned him to the floor lest he should try to use the revolver again, twenty more men hurried themselves upon the scrambling quartette and buried Czoigoss from sight. Every man in that struggling, crazy throng was striving to get hold of Czoigoss, to strike him, to rend him, to wreak upon him in any way the mad fury which possessed them instantly they realized what he had done.

The greater part of the crowd was stunned for an instant by the enormity of the crime they witnessed, but when the reaction came they surged forward like wild beasts, the strongest tearing the weakest back out of the way and forcing themselves forward to where the prisoner was held by his captors.

All the time a tumult of sound filled the place, a hollow roar at first, punctuated by the shrieks of women, swelling into a medley of yell and curses. Men said unintelligible things as they pushed and crowded toward the center of the swaying mob. They wanted to lynch Czoigoss, whoever he was. They wanted to see him and they shouted vainly at the police officers in front to drag him out.

A little effort to gain revenge. A little force of exposition guards, penned in by the clamoring mob, fought desperately to hold their prisoner from the bloodthirsty crowd. They had Czoigoss safe and fast. His revolver had been wrested from his hand in the instant that Detective Ire-



PRESIDENT WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

land fell upon him, and he was helpless, bruised and bleeding. His face was cut when he was thrown to the floor and a dozen eager, vicious hands had struck at him and reached him over the shoulders of the officers.

Slowly, very slowly, the little force of police made way through the crowd, dragging the prisoner between them. They were determined there should be no lynching. Things were

calm and could reach him in that mad, storm, and it was evident that he was sorely wounded.

More police came plunging into the crowd from headquarters, where the direful news had sped. They hurried themselves upon the swaying mob, they struck and pushed and shouted commands and it slowly gave way just enough so they could reach the little band struggling to save Czoigoss from a sudden and frightful death. They dragged him out, hustled him away through the beautiful exposition grounds and threw him behind barred doors, where he was saved for the law to deal with him.

Massing their men where they could best handle the excited crowd, the police cleared a passageway to one of the doors for the bearing away of the President, and on the stretcher of an ambulance which had come changing to the door he was tenderly carried from the building and borne in the ambulance to the emergency hospital, near the service building, within the exposition grounds.

Though this takes long in the telling, probably it was not more than five minutes from the time the shots were fired until the President was in the hospital and a hasty examination was begun by the surgeons. They discovered that one bullet had entered the breast almost directly in the center or on the median line, but whether or not it had passed into the lungs could not be determined except by probing. The other had struck in the abdomen five inches below the left nipple and one and a half inches to the left of the median line. Immediately under that spot is the stomach, and the gravest fears were entertained regarding the consequences of that shot.

Just twenty years after President Garfield fell before the bullets of the demented Gulteau another attempted assassination has been added to American history. For the third time since the nation began a man with murder in his heart has sought to remove the chief executive.

The day of the crisis in President McKinley's condition passed Tuesday, the surgeons, without too much exultation, declared the danger substantially over, and the nation once more breathes freely in the confidence that the President will live. For four days the people went through a period of almost heart-

breaking anxiety, and it was with a sigh of infinite relief that they turned back to the accustomed channels of life, convinced that the assassin's bullet had failed.

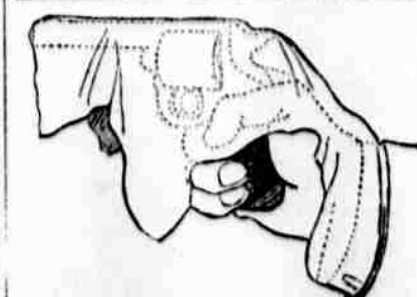
The President is convalescent. He is getting well with amazing rapidity. His surgeons are well satisfied with his progress; in fact, they are surprised at it. All conditions are as they should be in a patient who is fast recovering, and who is soon to be on his feet again.

CONFESSES HIS GUILT.

Leon Czoigoss Tells of His Attack on the President.

Leon Czoigoss, the accused and self-confessed assassin, signed a confession, in which he says that he is an anarchist, and that he decided on the act three days before and bought in Buffalo the revolver with which it was committed. He is unmarried. He claims to be a member of the Golden Eagles. Czoigoss has not appeared in the least uneasy or penitent for his action and shows no sign of insanity.

The man's name is Leon Czoigoss. He is of Polish-German extraction. His home is in Cleveland, where he has seven brothers and sisters. He is an avowed anarchist and an ardent disciple of Em-



WHERE M'KINLEY WAS SHOT. Diagram showing points where the bullets entered the body of the President.

had enough as it was, and a lynching would have been the crowning horror of the day.

From outside the building, where the news had spread from lip to lip, more thousands pushed and jostled and shouted in their eagerness to enter the building. Those inside were struggling in two directions—the more timidous to escape from the place before a stampede should crush out their lives and the hot-headed to reach Czoigoss—only to reach Czoigoss was their one idea.

President Keeps Calm. And thus the contest raged while the President sat, pale but calm, in the midst of the excited little group on the platform. It was impossible to take him away at the moment. Every doorway was jammed with a crazy, shouting mob moving in two directions, trying to escape and trying to enter. Toward the main door the police were fighting their way with fists and bullets to get Czoigoss out of the crowd and place him behind the bars. Upon the minutes which were speeding might depend the President's life, for no medi-

DEVILISH REDS DOOMED

Shots Fired at McKinley Have Sounded the Death Knell of Anarchism in America.

No Room in This Great Republic for Murderous Fiends of the Leon Czoigoss Cult.

Nation Is Aroused, and Special Legislation Against Anarchists and Anarchy Is to Be Enacted.

Cowardly Plotters of Assassination and Defiers of Law to Be Stamped Out with an Iron Heel.

Federal Officials Active in Determination to Discover Whether There Existed Conspiracy to Slay the President.

The determination of the authorities—national, State and municipal—to stamp out anarchism in this country is shown by dispatches from the leading cities. The New York police have orders to arrest all persons known to be anarchists. The police of Philadelphia and other large cities have their dragnets out. At Pittsburgh two important arrests have been made which may supply the missing links in the chain of evidence connecting Emma Goldman with the attempt on President McKinley's life. The federal authorities arrested near Silver City, N. M., Antonio Maggio, who predicted that the President would be assassinated before Oct. 1. Arrests have also been made at Omaha and other cities.

The federal authorities at Washington believe they have discovered a statute under which anarchists may be tried for conspiracy. In all parts of the country men who express sympathy for Czoigoss are being dismissed from their positions or summarily punished by their neighbors.

Emma Goldman, whose anarchistic lectures stirred Leon Czoigoss to shoot President McKinley, was arrested by the Chicago police in the house at 303 Sheffield avenue Tuesday afternoon. In telling of her whereabouts during the preceding ten days she spoke freely, and said that she was in Pittsburgh early the previous week. From there she went to Cincinnati, where she remained until Thursday night, when she went to St. Louis. She said she reached Chicago Saturday morning, and saw the police at the station watching for her.

The anarchist leader made admissions from which the police hope to gather much. She admitted knowing the would-be assassin of the President. July 12 she met him for a few moments in Chicago. Twice she admitted being in Buffalo this summer—once about the middle of July and the second time about the middle of August. On the second visit to Buffalo she visited the Pan-American Exposition.

Miss Goldman denied emphatically that she was in any way connected with the attack upon the President. She declared that there was nothing in her teachings to result in violence. In the same breath she called McKinley the most insignificant President in the history of the country—a weak tool of capital—the enemy of the laboring man. She declared that doubtless Czoigoss had "just causes" to drive him to the act he committed.

The importance of the capture of this anarchistic leader is deemed immense by the federal authorities.

A Buffalo dispatch on Wednesday said that Czoigoss had confessed to the police that his attempt upon the life of President McKinley was the result of a conspiracy in which many besides himself had a part. So far as can be learned, Czoigoss refused to mention any name except that of Emma Goldman, but persons are in existence which, if they can be discovered, will lay bare the entire conspiracy, and will result in wholesale arrests, followed by prosecutions.

In his confession Czoigoss told of his attempt to destroy the written evidences of the conspiracy. He has said that time did not permit him to burn the papers as he had desired. Before leaving his room in Nowak's Hotel, he gathered together all of his papers, taking them from his pockets, from his valise and from the drawers of his table. All were bound together in one package, which he concealed beneath his coat.

Czoigoss says that he made a circuitous and aimless trip about the city, and that at some point, which he cannot now describe, he came upon an open sewer. Into this sewer he cast his papers. Each by inch the sewers of this city are be-

ing searched, and, if such a thing is possible, those papers will be recovered.

A plot to kill the President is said to have been hatched a year ago when he was expected to visit Chicago during the Grand Army encampment and view the big parade of veterans. The plot was balked by the announcement at the last moment that, owing to the press of business at Washington growing out of the Chinese complications, the President would be unable to meet his old army comrades in Chicago.

In pronouncing the death sentence upon the Haymarket anarchists in Chicago, Oct. 8, 1888, Judge Joseph E. Gary said:

And THE LAW IS COMMON SENSE. It holds each man responsible for the natural and probable consequence of his own acts. It holds that whoever advises murder is HIMSELF GUILTY OF THE MURDER THAT IS COMMITTED PURSUANT TO HIS ADVICE; and if one band together for forcible resistance to the execution of the law, AND ADVISE MURDER as a means of making such resistance effectual, whether such advice be to one man to murder an-

other, or to a numerous class to murder men of another class, all who are so banded together are GUILTY OF ANY MURDER THAT IS COMMITTED IN PURSUANCE OF SUCH ADVICE.

Each man has the full right to entertain and advocate by speech and print, such opinions as suit himself; and the great body of the people will usually care little what he says; but if he proposes murder as a means of enforcing them, he PUTS HIS OWN LIFE AT STAKE; and no clamor about free speech, or evils to be cured, or wrongs to be redressed, will shield him from the consequences of his crime. His liberty is not a license to destroy. The toleration that he enjoys he must extend to others and not to arrogantly assume that the great majority are wrong and may rightly be coerced by terror or removed by dynamite.

At the conclusion of his brief address Judge Gary sentenced to death all but one of the anarchists. It will be remembered that none of the leading Haymarket anarchists were convicted of actually throwing the bomb which leveled thirty-six policemen at one blow. Their share in the crime was confined to inflammatory speeches and writings, to words of vindictive hatred of the officers of the law and to ADVICE AND PLEADINGS for the destruction of human life that seemed opposed to the tenets of anarchy.

"I am not sure but what it would be possible to try Czoigoss by court-martial," said Frederic R. Conder, the well-known New York lawyer. "I am sure that something should be done to protect the President. Such an attack as was made on him ought to be impossible. The matter of anarchists in America will receive the attention of the public now that this has happened, and they will no longer go about threatening law and order."

"He ought to be strung up." That is the manner in which Mike Czoigoss, brother of Leon Czoigoss, the would-be murderer of President McKinley, spoke regarding his brother.



ASSASSIN LEON CZOIGOSS.

ant, Leon Czoigoss, was arrested immediately. Subsequently he confessed he was an anarchist and a disciple of Emma Goldman.

The startling attack on the Chief Executive took place while the President was exchanging pleasant greetings with visitors to the exposition. Many hundred people had shaken hands with the President, one of the last being a burly colored man. He murmured his acknowledgments of the honor and moved on to make way for a heavily built young fellow about 28 years old who was slowly following him in the long line. There was nothing to mark him from the thousands around him, except that he carried a handkerchief in his hand and even that, perhaps, was scarce worthy of note, for the building was small and crowded, the weather was sultry and thousands of handkerchiefs were in constant requisition. The young man moved rapidly to a position immediately in front of the President, so close that he could have shaken his hand. As he had done so many hundreds of times in the preceding half hour, Mr. McKinley bowed, smiled and extended his hand.

But the young man did not grasp it. So quickly that the watchful eyes of the President's bodyguard had no hint of the menace in his movement, he raised the hand in which the handkerchief was held and fired two shots at the President. The handkerchief had covered a revolver, which he had carried thus openly through the crowd.

At the sound of the shots Detective Ireland, of the secret service force, leaped upon the man like a tiger and